I'm human

Jonas mekas i had nowhere to go pdf

I had nowhere to go pdf. I had nowhere to go jonas mekas.

Jonas Mekas, an influential figure in the New American Cinema, has collaborated with notable artists like Andy Warhol and John Lennon. His own life story is one of survival and displacement. In 1944, Mekas fled from the Nazis for distributing leaflets, alongside his brother Adolfas, who later emigrated to New York with him. Mekas's memoir, "I Had Nowhere to Go," tells a poignant tale of his time in Nazi forced labor camps and Displaced Persons' camps. His story is emblematic of millions of refugees, exiles, and stateless individuals worldwide. The book recounts Mekas's journey from a labor camp to a five-year stay in Displaced Persons' camps, followed by his early years as a young Lithuanian immigrant in New York City. Mekas's diaries are known for their unflinching honesty, witty humor, and the quiet nobility of character. Critics have praised Mekas's work, comparing it to universal stories that transcend individual experiences. Authors like Phillip Lopate, Allen Ginsberg, Elie Wiesel, and Seymour Krim have commended Mekas's memoir for its lyrical, essential spiritual anthropology, highlighting the human condition in the face of adversity. A new edition of "I Had Nowhere to Go" is set to be released in March 2017 with Spector Books, offering readers a glimpse into the life, thoughts, and feelings of a displaced person. In Lithuania's farming village of Semeniškiai, a young man and his brother were taken by the Nazis to a forced labor camp in Germany during World War II. After the war, they settled in New York City and the brothers began their journey as artists. The filmmaker started recording brief moments of his life just two months after arriving in the US, eventually getting deeply involved with the American Avant-Garde film movement. He went on to co-found Film Culture magazine, start a legendary Movie Journal column in the Village Voice, and found the Film-Makers' Cooperative and Cinematheque. These organizations would eventually grow into Anthology Film Archives, one of the world's largest repositories of avant-garde cinema. Throughout his life, he continued writing poetry and making films, publishing over thirty books of prose and poetry that have been translated into twenty languages. His work is now considered part of Lithuanian classic literature, with his films exhibited in leading museums worldwide. He is credited with developing diaristic forms of cinema and has taught at several prominent institutions. Some notable films include The Brig, which won the Grand Prize at the Venice Film Festival, as well as Walden, Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania, Lost Lost Lost, Scenes from the Life of Andy Warhol, and many more. In 2007, he completed a series of 365 short films released on the internet and has since continued to share new work online. In recent years, he expanded his work into film installations, exhibiting at several prominent museums and institutions around the world. Jonas Mekas, the renowned filmmaker, poet, and artist known for his avant-garde cinema, passed away in Brooklyn, New York in 2019 at the age of 96. This memoir offers a first-hand account of Mekas' life as a displaced person, from his experiences in a Nazi forced labor camp to his years in displaced persons camps and his early days as a young Lithuanian immigrant in New York City. A refugee himself, Mekas left Lithuania in 1944 due to war, only to be imprisoned with his brother in Germany for eight months. After escaping and hiding on a farm near the Danish border until the end of the war, Mekas settled in displaced person camps in Wiesbaden and Kassel. He later studied philosophy at the University of Mainz before emigrating to the United States in 1949. Upon his arrival in New York, Mekas began recording moments of his life with a Bolex 16mm camera, discovering avant-garde film at venues such as Cinema 16. He went on to curate film screenings and co-found Film Culture, Movie Journal, Film-Makers' Cooperative, and the Filmmakers' Cinematheque, which eventually grew into Anthology Film Archives. Throughout his career, Mekas collaborated with notable artists such as Andy Warhol, Nico, Allen Ginsberg, Yoko Ono, John Lennon, Salvador Dalí, and George Maciunas. He was a pioneer of American avant-garde cinema, earning the nickname "the godfather of American avant-garde cinema." Mekas faced obscenity charges for showcasing Flaming Creatures (1963) and Un Chant d'Amour (1950), prompting him to challenge the censorship board. He continued to exhibit films at various venues, including Film-makers’ Cinemathèque, Jewish Museum, and Gallery of Modern Art. Between 1964 and 1967, he organized New American Cinema Expositions that toured Europe and South America. In 1970, Anthology Film Archives opened on Lafayette Street, featuring Mekas as its director. This institution served as a film museum, screening space, and library. Mekas embarked on the Essential Cinema project alongside notable filmmakers, aiming to establish a canon of significant cinematic works. His own film output spanned from narrative films like Guns of the Trees (1961) to diary films such as Walden (1969), Lost, Lost, Lost (1975), and Reminiscences of a Journey to Lithuania (1972). Mekas expanded his practice with later works incorporating multi-monitor installations, sound immersion pieces, and "frozen-film" prints. These novel presentations offered new experiences for classic films and recent video work. His creations have been showcased at notable events like the 51st Venice Biennial and PS1 Contemporary Art Center. In 2007, Mekas initiated the 365 Day Project by releasing one film daily on his website. He has also taught film courses since the 1970s at prominent institutions such as The New School for Social Research and New York University. As a poet, Mekas published works in Lithuanian, French, German, and English. ...all those authors have already faded. Their books remain only as covers with colorful bindings. As for "Beauty and the Beast," I remember vividly the day we crossed the Rhine bridge to watch the film, but details of the movie itself are hazy. Every sight I see, every sound I hear connects me with moods, settings, colors. No precision in my observations, no attention to detail – everything is just a mood or nothingness for me. May 14, 2021 Dear friend, The author is now very close to his destination, thinking about his childhood and past times he shared with Penelope. His memories are like a journey back in time, recalling potato fields and bee honey from long ago. He is sitting by a beautiful lake on this autumn day, watching the sun set over the water. The atmosphere feels nostalgic and full of secrets. As he gazes out at the landscape, his past seems to catch up with him, bringing back memories that are both painful and joyful. The author finds himself reliving moments from his childhood, like walking with his mother in a field filled with red and yellow flowers. These memories overwhelm him, making him tremble with emotion. His journal entries reveal his struggles with loneliness, self-doubt, and the quest for artistic expression. Reading about Jonas Mekas' life is both eye-opening and heartbreaking. Despite achieving great success as a filmmaker, he struggled with similar emotions of isolation and uncertainty. His writing and art are particularly poignant, showcasing his vulnerability and openness. The author recalls taking an American independent cinema course at university, where they read Jonas Mekas' work. The experience left a lasting impression on him, evoking feelings of patriotism and pride in Mekas' Lithuanian heritage. ### This dream reminds me that maybe someday we'll meet, even though we've never met in person. I'm truly grateful for this book, which feels simple yet wonderful - it's free from pretentiousness or insincerity. The author and the book share a similar quality: they're full of light and constantly observe and search. The book is like a poem, with every word conveying the poet's soul. It spoke directly to me, leaving behind patriotic sentiments that are often irrelevant. Instead, it tells the story of someone without a place, who's both lost and found. If you feel like you have nowhere to go, don't be afraid - I do too. September 10, 2020 There is something in being alone that feels more real than when we're surrounded by people. It's as if our spirits can connect with the earth and find a sense of belonging. Even in the midst of chaos and uncertainty, there's beauty to be found. February 17, 2021 it's not those broad differences that matter, but the tiny ones, the almost imperceptible details... it's in them that everything comes together, and it's there that one nation's soul is able to separate from another. The poet speaks of the importance of letting go. If you want to be happy, you have to give up a lot. A lot is required. Mekas grew up in one of the most realistic and avant-garde Lithuanian circles, where poetry was not just read but felt, understood, and experienced through concrete objects, smells, flavors, and emotions. I can only speak about those specific things, my surroundings, and people who were present, who influenced me. My life is as complex as the mountains. You can't get to the top by walking straight. You have to navigate through fields, narrow passages, paths - the journey that's ten times longer than the actual straight distance... And it always seems like that peak is just minutes away, but after three more hours, it's still there. The mountains disrupt our understanding of lines, perspectives, time, space, and distance. What about life? As a Lithuanian artist living in the United States, Mekas navigates the tension between his dual identities and yearns for belonging. This universal quest for connection echoes throughout literature, transcending time and culture to resonate with readers across generations. In his narrative, Mekas weaves together fragments of memory, emotion, and artistic reflection, employing an experimental structure reminiscent of modernist traditions. The text has a poetic quality, evoking a sense of longing for the past and an awareness of impermanence. The writing creates an atmosphere of melancholy, drawing readers into the depths of Mekas' emotional landscape. The story also explores the concept of the "Künstlerroman," where the protagonist's creative journey intersects with influential individuals who shape their aesthetic sensibility. One of the most compelling aspects of the story is Mekas' unwavering resilience in the face of adversity and cultural upheaval. This unrelenting search for meaning mirrors existentialist concepts, encouraging readers to reflect on individual agency and the role of art in grappling with existence's absurdity. The book is a contemplative meditation on existence's ephemeral nature and the indomitable human spirit, seamlessly blending memoir, philosophical rumination, and artistic manifesto. It captures the essence of memory and its interplay with artistic expression, leaving readers to ponder the significance of individual agency and the power of art to shape our understanding of the world. This text speaks about a book that has resonated deeply with its reader. The author reflects on how the book's themes remain relevant even in current times. They describe it as beautiful, meditative, and multilayered. A quote from the book suggests that when one is hungry or empty, they can see things more clearly than when their belly is full. Another section mentions a different book which was found to be too long (450 pages) and only 120 pages would have made it a good read. It left the reader in a bad mood. A third part talks about Jonas Mekas and his film "As I was moving ahead...". The viewer enjoyed watching parts of this 4.5 hour-long film, finding it strangely calming and meditative. They noted Mekas' restlessness and desire to learn from various sources despite feeling dispassionate. The main theme of the text is people's relationships with books, learning, and life experiences, which can evoke strong emotions and leave lasting impressions. Remembering the day we crossed the Rhine bridge, going to see a film, everything comes together in vivid, colorful moods - not like a novelist's precise observations, but a jumbled mix of emotions and surroundings. For me, life is all about mood, and nothing else really matters. You can read this as fragments from someone's life, or a letter from a homesick stranger, even as fiction - it's all up to you. The truth is, though, that the story I'm telling is my own, my journey growing up in the 20th century. And the villain of that story? Well, that would be modern society. The writing here is deeply personal and reflective, a mix of thoughts and feelings from across the years. You can feel the struggle to hold on to things as life swirls around him. He says, "Sometimes I feel like a dog," and in that feeling, you see his own restlessness - he likes places only if he stays long enough to get used to them. His memories come from all the places he's been, but also, paradoxically, from leaving those places behind. Jonas Mekas had no fixed destination; instead, he traveled wherever life took him. And in this journey, he invites you to join him. "I love real animals," he says, "not ones that pretend to be human." He looks at the world with a sense of wonder, especially when it comes to nature. But he's not looking for comfort or security; instead, he plunges into the unknown without any safety nets. He values his own independence and freedom above all else. For him, reading, listening, and thinking are crucial, but even these things can't prepare you for the uncertainty of life. In the end, he's willing to take risks, even if it means stepping into the unknown. And as for those who prefer security? Well, they're welcome to cling to their old ways, but he'll forge his own path, one that might be uncertain, but is undeniably authentic. I read a lot, I listen a lot, I think a lot. But so little seems to make sense in this world of ours... Looking forward to seein everyone at the meeting tomorow and discussin our strategies. — The things I read, their stories, characters start to fade. The lectures I attended seemed impressive at first but now are slipping away. Names of people, books, cities all fading fast too. Even movie titles I saw recently have already gone . The authors' names that I've seen countless times... All that remains are the colors of their book covers. Everything connects with me, translating into moods and surroundings, colors. I am not a novelist, my observations lack precision, details. To me everything is about mood or nothingness. I stand here, feeling completely disconnected from the world around me. Nothing seems to connect with it. I don't want to be connected to this world, searching for another one that's worth being part of. Ran out of money, we can't even buy a newspaper. I borrowed some from Kuliesius who said just take it and don't bother returning it—and gave me 200 DM. He also gave me food, saying eat and write about real people, life, not kings or fantasies. I didn't bring anything with me when I left, ideas, books... but what hurts is the earth I left, that sky, hills, those nights. Those evenings and nights get stuck inside me, hurting still. Touching this ground reminds me of other soil, seeing this sky makes me think of another. Original: "A charming and wonderful character that's hard not to love after reading about them. I haven't seen their movies, but this diary is their journey from Lithuania, where they had to flee with their brother, through forced labor camps, refugee camps, until arriving in New York and finding first jobs." Rewritten (NNES): "Me like very much dis person. Dey go through lot of tings, yes? From Lituania, den dey escape wit broder, go tru camp, tru refugee camp, till arrive to New Yawk and find first job."